

A
DETECTION
OF
GROSS FALSHOOD,
AND
A Display of Black Ingratitude;
BEING
AN ANSWER

TO
A PAMPHLET LATELY PUBLISHED BY SOME EVIL-MINDED PERSON,
UNDER THE NAME OF THE
Rev^d. WILLIAM WOOLLEY, *stiling himself* A. M.

AND ADDRESSED TO
SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.
AND TO
HIS BROTHER THE REVEREND ROWLAND HILL,
AS THE

Two Grand Impostors

OF
ST. STEPHEN'S AND OF SURREY CHAPEL.

BY
Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart. M. P.

☞ In this Piece are exhibited some of the most extraordinary original Epistles, both on religion and politics, written by the Reverend WOOLLEY, that ever appeared before the Public.

“ What shall I say to a Pamphlet of which the Abuse and Scurrility
“ are beneath Notice, and of which the Falshoods and Misrepre-
“ sentations do nevertheless require a Reply.”

SWIFT.

London :

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1794.

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DEATH

OF

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WILLIAM WOOLLEN

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WILLIAM WOOLLEN

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SIR RICHARD

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FEELING, as I do, the weight of declining years, being now nearly arrived at my grand climacterick, and looking back, as I trust I can, with more than indifference, on a world which I must very soon leave, to give an account of all my deeds done in the body, rejecting with abhorrence the pharisaic boast of "God, I thank thee, I am not as other men are," and shuddering to approach my Maker with any other plea but that of the humble self-abased publican; yet in the retrospect of so many days that are past, I am not afraid of being deemed too presumptuous in making my solemn appeal to conscience and to the whole world, that not one of those days has ever been sullied by a single mean or ignoble action towards my fellow creatures.

Self-vindications must ever be most painful to a feeling mind, but personal attacks demand personal defence; and under such circumstances, truth, honour, character, and religion itself, must all concur in the propriety of such vindications, provided a delicacy be observed as to particular instances.

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The sphere in which I have been allotted to move is not quite unknown, yet if it can be proved, that within that sphere, cruelty, oppression, avarice, or want of sympathy with others woes, have on any occasion whatever stamped a blot on my character, or marked my conduct as odious ;—if I know not what it is to have the blessing of the poor around me for their support and employment—if I have ever refused to succour the faithful, but distressed ministers of the gospel, whether in or out of the establishment ;—if I have been a tyrant in my own family, and not at all times welcomed my neighbours to the board of hospitality ;—if I have indeed demonstrated myself to be that *red hot fiery Welch Baronet*, and at the same time that close-fisted mean-spirited wretch, who would not part with *the leaf of a leek* to fill an hungry belly ; or a *lock of goat's hair* to cover a naked back ; nay, if the direct contrary to all this have not distinguished my uniform course of life, then let me no more be esteemed the gentleman, the man of honour, or the philanthropic friend, much less let me lay claim to the sacred name of Christian ; rather let the appellations of *base liar—perfidious scoundrel—devil—prototype of Satan—robber of a poor man's little loaf—impostor—the likeness of an hackneyed perjurer hired at the Old Bailey—a man of ingrained turpitude of character—an employer of assassins—knave—fool—a titled scoundrel—barbarous miscreant—monster in human shape—swindler—utterer of curses—having the cloven foot of deception and injustice—with a head*

head and a heart equally bad—lost to all sense of humanity and honor—a worthless baronet, worse than a Birmingham counterfeit—ingenious alone in persecution—whose title and privilege as a member of parliament could only screen his back from a horsewhip—whose confidence is in pious looks, a sanctified air, and all the external deceptions of hypocrisy—a cruel worthless villain—cheat—rascal—infernal being—fiend—canting hypocrite, with a multitude of others with which I am directly or indirectly honoured, by my kind and gentle corrector, cleave to me as long as I live;—let their horrible and ghastly forms hover round me as well by night as by day, till having fulfilled their commission, they descend again to the regions from whence they came to attend the summons, into *Blackman-street*. Yea, let me add, in the words of the psalmist, “O Lord my God, if I have done any such thing, if I have rewarded evil unto him that dealt friendly with me; (yea, I have delivered him, that without any cause, is mine enemy;) then let mine enemy persecute my soul, and take me: yea, let him tread my life down upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust. Behold he travellet with iniquity, he hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood: but his mischief shall return on his own head, and his violent dealing on his own pate. He made a pit and digged it, and is fallen himself into the ditch which he made.” Ps. vii. 3, 4, 5, &c. &c.

The letter writer has most positively allotted to my share the immense fortune of £16,000 a year. By

what means he prevailed on my steward to shew him my rental, is quite unknown to me; and, let me add, it is the first time he ever was so communicative before, especially to an intire stranger.

I will now, however; conclude myself worth the above sum annually: but what good would it all do me with the temper and disposition attributed to me by the letter-writer? truly an income of £16,000 a year, if piled on such a heart of stone, would only make me miserable, and bring with it 16,000 curses; and I think my libeller himself cannot wish me many more. But thanks be to that gracious Providence, who hath given to me what I have, for giving me at the same time to know and feel that there can be no happiness in riches, but with riches to make others happy: insomuch that I scruple not at all to affirm, that I had rather live on £100. or even £50. a year, than to be the possessor of millions, either for the purposes they are too frequently lavished, prostituted, and abused; or to increase a sordid heap of mouldering dust; so that for whatever else I may have occasion to be humbled, as a sinner before my God, I trust, I may, by his grace, anticipate that my death bed will not shake under me with the horrors of that sentence, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries, which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth eaten; your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh

as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." Jam. v. 1.

The time is at hand when the mask of hypocrisy must be plucked from every visage ; and when professions of faith will be judged by the works they have produced towards the souls and bodies of our neighbours ; till that period arrive, the estimates which my fellow mortals may make of me, are of so little avail, that were it not that the honour of religion itself is struck at by the blows which are levelled at those who in this day of rebuke and blasphemy, infidelity and profaneness, are not ashamed to confess it and its divine author, I should not have made a word of reply to all the envenomed tongues of falsehood, malice, and slander united.

Should it now be thought that there is too much of egotism in all this, I answer most truly, that compulsion, not inclination, has led me to it : but if there should yet be any one who can suppose me capable of acting according to the representations of the letter writer, I will no longer disturb such an one in his ideas, but proceed to give an exact state of the case, both as it relates to Surrey Chapel and the Marshalsea ; and this I declare I will do, with the same caution and awe of Him in whose presence I write, as if I were delivering myself on oath before a court of judicature.

IT must have been at least six or seven years ago that my brother Rowland informed me there was a very distressed clergyman of the name of Wooley, who

who had come to him in a most destitute tattered condition, and had offered himself for employment ; that he really believed him to be a well-meaning honest-hearted creature ; that he was then in deacon's orders, and sometimes read prayers at Surrey Chapel, *for any little gratuity that he and the Trustees chose to give him* ; that he also attended the prisoners at the Marshalsea, but there being little or no salary allotted for the Chaplain at that place, if I would interest myself with Government to obtain for him a small annual stipend, that stipend, together with the occasional duty he might get at Surrey Chapel and elsewhere (being then a single man) might be a tolerable provision for him. My brother added, that though he was certainly a man of no education, he was endeavouring to improve himself.

Though I am far from despising human erudition, yet, as I am firmly of opinion with that great champion of the reformation, Martin Luther, as well as the venerable Bishop Hall, that "there is more need of grace than of learning, to make a good divine and a good Christian," I thought, with my brother, that Wooley might be a serviceable minister among the prisoners in that gaol, and therefore, after giving him two or three guineas to procure some clothes and necessaries, I made immediate application to Mr. Rose for a stipend. Mr. Rose saw the propriety of the request, but various obstacles were thrown in the way ; these obstacles, by every exertion in my power, I endeavoured to surmount, whilst my truly-esteemed friend,

friend, Mr. Wilberforce, member for Yorkshire, gave me his assistance. Mr. Rose wrote to Sir Sydney Meadows, to desire Mr. Wooley's appointment to the charge ; but the good old knight's politics not running in the Treasury channel, he looked on this request as a sort of government mandate, with which he did not choose to comply. Mr. Rose then wrote to the Bishop of Winchester, requesting his lordship to ordain Mr. Wooley to the Marshalsea, from whom he received a very polite answer, giving his reasons why he could take no steps in the business till an appointment should be got from the Knight Marshal. This letter (the same as printed in the pamphlet) I immediately forwarded to Mr. Wooley, who at the same time was given to understand, that if, through any other channel, he could succeed with Sir Sydney to get the nomination, Mr. Pitt would immediately allot a salary of £50. a year to the office of Chaplain, as he much wished to oblige me in the business.

Other engines were now set on work, and I doubt not but that it was through the interference of Mr. Pierrepont, member for Nottinghamshire, a very worthy respectable gentleman, whose principles usually inclined him to vote with the opposition, that the Knight Marshal (who, I believe, was his father-in-law, *not his uncle*,) gave Mr. Wooley the presentation to the chaplaincy.

But the great business was yet to be accomplished. To officiate as minister, without pay, at least, with
very

very trifling pay, was what Mr. Wooley had long done ; but this would neither feed nor clothe him ; and he had an undoubted right to expect that a labourer in the vineyard should eat of the fruit, and not go without his hire.

Mr. Pitt's promise was not forgotten ; and that all might be done pursuant to form, Mr. Rose judged it proper, that Mr. Wooley should present a Memorial to the Treasury, which he accordingly did, and upon which £50. a year was allotted to him, as chaplain, and to the best of my remembrance, all arrears, from the time he first did duty, were ordered to be paid up. For this mark of attention, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Rose both received my sincere thanks ; but what gratitude I have experienced from Mr. Wooley for my unremitted pains to serve him, and for having laid both the foundation and the top-stone of his hopes in this business, let all the world judge ; I cannot however help mentioning, that in his first pamphlet* he in the most *flattering* manner gives me the whole credit of procuring a promise of the salary, though in the last he positively denies it, with the basest abuse and invective.

I only add on this subject, that since the publication of the letter, I have seen Mr. Rose, and have men-

* "I was become known to Sir Richard Hill, who always treated me with that liberal condescension and kindness for which he is so justly characterised. He even spoke in my favor to Mr. Rose, from whom, I received the promise of a settled stipend for my attendance at the prison."

Narrative, p. 27.

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tioned to him Mr. Wooley's statement of the whole of this business, and what I intended to say in answer. Mr. Rose's reply was in substance exactly this: "It is *perfectly true*, that the salary of £50. a year, was given to Mr. Wooley, entirely on your recommendation. It was that, and that only which induced Mr. Pitt to consent to it."

Let now as many as please believe, that Mr. Wooley, after all my fruitless attempts, at last met with success, entirely through his own application and self-recommendation to the Lords of the Treasury, and on account of his own personal merit; still surely my poor but disappointed efforts called for acknowledgments, not scurrility from him on whose behalf they had been so long exerted.

"Ah! but Sir Richard, these exertions were from the mean, pitiful, sordid, dirty principle of saving the pocket of that canting hypocrite your brother, the arch impostor of Surrey Chapel, as you are of St. Stephen's." Certainly this would have been a noble motive to influence a man of £16,000. a year, and if it could not have put anything into his own pocket, what was saved in cheating the poor needy curate, might at least have found it's way into his brother's, whilst the hard-hearted Baronet would gladly connive at the trick, though he could not divide the spoil.

But here still our joint hopes must have been frustrated; for in the first place, the *sanctified* Rowland has not the disposal of a single penny of the chapel money. All passes through the hands of the trustees, and how small a portion he receives annually

for his own labors at that place, and for keeping house for other ministers when he is absent, is well known to each of those trustees; yet with this, and the addition of a younger brother's moderate fortune, he is not only content, but enabled to administer to the wants of the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Among others the ungrateful wretch under whose name he is libelled, and who was literally as much a *sans culottes* in appearance as I hear he is now in principle, has not only been frequently fed at his table, but has worn his stockings on his legs, and his shoes on his feet; these were indeed sometimes borrowed *to do jobs in*, to use the gentleman's own expression; not always given, but whether borrowed or given he never saw them again, nor indeed desired it.

But besides the many favours which Mr. Wooley received from my brother, he recommended him among his friends, who were very liberal to him, and one lady who lived near the Chapel, Mrs. T——, not only gave him free access at all times to her table, but furnished him with various articles of wearing apparel, among which were a new set of shirts; and left him a legacy of £20. So that whatever others may have done, he himself made a tolerable hand of the *sanctified rabble of Surrey Chapel* before his true character was known, and when that was discovered, and he found he could get no more by his base hypocrisy and deceit, he tried what he could do by reviling, railing and hawking from door to door, as also from one bookseller to another,

another, the most infamous libels which malice and falshood could invent, against those who had been heaping every kind office of charity and friendship on his head.

Never having heard a single word of all or any one of those cabals, consultations, and meetings which were so frequently holden between my brother, Mr. Webber, and myself, till I read the account of them in the letter addressed to me, nay, never to my recollection, having been in Mr. Webber's company above once or twice, accidentally, for a few minutes, in all my life, much less having ever exchanged a word with him on the subject of Mr. Wooley or his claims, and fearing I might in the least degree have misapprehended what my brother had told me relative to that affair so long ago, I thought it most prudent to write the following letter to Mr. Webber. The reader will please to observe, that this gentleman, who is a respectable merchant of known candor, good sense, and benevolence, and one of the trustees of the Chapel, from which he never received a single mite, is the same who is distinguished in the letter by the appellation of THE CHARIOTEERING GAUSEMAN.

*Harley Street,
Feb. 26th, 1794.*

" DEAR SIR,

" A most audacious, unjust, and unprovoked attack having been made on my brother Rowland and me in a pamphlet (that I never

saw till within a few days ago) to which the name of William Wooley is annexed, and a considerable part of that pamphlet being relative to a transaction in which your name is frequently introduced, and not less *translated*; as I can fully rely on your veracity, and am myself intirely ignorant what passed between you and Wooley on the subject of his reading prayers at Surrey Chapel, I should be much obliged to you if you would inform me whether there was ever any particular agreement made with him either by you or any of the Trustees, as to the stipend he was to receive, or whether in consideration of his poverty, you gave him any occasional donations when he offered his services voluntarily. I know the finances of the chapel could afford but little for a reader, and that my brother at that time usually read the service himself; but be it what it might, if any agreement was made with Wooley it certainly ought to have been abided by. Hoping you will excuse this trouble, I conclude,

Dear Sir,

Your's sincerely, &c.

R. HILL."

To this letter I received the following answer from Mr. Webber.

London, March 1st, 1794.

"SIR,

In answer to your favor of the 26th ult. respecting Mr. Wooley, I now take the liberty of

of informing you that I never knew of any agreement between the Trustees of Surrey Chapel and him for his reading prayers at that place, but I knew he had presents made him at different times, which I supposed was a full compensation; in that I was mistaken, for in the year 1790 he made a regular demand of me as one of the Trustees, which demand I paid, and have his receipt in full. I did this contrary to the wishes of some of the Trustees, for which I am treated with ingratitude and abuse.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES WEBBER."

I shall make no observations on this letter, it certainly wants no comment. It carries it's own appeal not only to the public, but to the rest of the Trustees, who are all gentlemen of unblemished character, and most of them of considerable property.

It was not long after I had obtained the Marshalsea Salary for Mr. Wooley, that my brother, whose compassion I have known in too many instances to get the better of his judgment, told me that he feared we had been serving a very improper and ungrateful object, and gave me such a detail of Wooley's *pranks* as made me apprehensive that I had not been sufficiently on my guard, and that the salary I had procured for him would be
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very ill bestowed. I was however willing to judge on the favorable side as long as I possibly could; but alas! I could not for any considerable time shut my eyes against glaring facts; and my brother esteemed it his duty to caution every one against a viper which he had lately cherished even in his own bosom, where warmth brought the hissing reptile into vigor, and soon caused it to shew it's venomous forked tongue in order to bite it's friendly protector.

Besides his chaplaincy at the Marshalsea, Mr. Wooley now wanted a chaplaincy to a Regiment, for which he applied to me, and on this occasion I received from him the following epistle, which I lay before the public in it's native garb, and doubt not but it will be deemed by all who read it *a perfect original*. I am sorry I have not preserved the whole of our correspondence; however I have most of the letters which I received from him in London now by me; and these will afford ample proof of the Author's profound modesty, as well as of his great abilities and talents for letter-writing.

“ SIR

“ Reading the paper called the diary being the 19th of Feb^r and finding that your Sentiments are like my owne in a *political* point of *View* I should esteem it a Favour if you Would be so kind as to give me a Line to G. Rose Esq^r as I can get my Marshalsea served by (a *good Man* during

during my Absence) to go on Board a Man of War, or to a Regiment* as Chaplain destined for foreign *Service*. as it may Answer two Ends—Serve my Country & my Self × I fend you Sir two of my *Benefits*, of *Starving* lest you You might think I would wish you to be Ignorant of the Publication.

18 Feb 1793

believe me to be S^r With
all Due Respect Y^r Hum-
ble Ser^{vant} W^m Wooley†
Chaplain to the Mar-
shalsea.

× I don't say & the *Redeemer*. because I Will never die under the Appellation of an *Hypocrite* though it is *Supposed* that I *know* the *Truth* & *Preach* it, whatever my *Conduct* may be.

P. S. A line to the Rev^d M^r Groffe Tower of London Will be attended to.

* My directions to the printer were, to spell all the words in Mr. Wooley's letters exactly as in his own hand writing.

† I much question whether the man's name be either *Wooley* or *Woolley*. I am rather inclined to think he belongs to the good family of *Alias*, at least I am sure of this, that he cannot spell his own name right twice together if it be either *Wooley* or *Woolley*, otherwise he would not vary in the signatures annexed to his letters, some of which are with a single l, some with l double, as appears by two or three specimens now before me, though as to the letters themselves they are all in the same uniform stile of "*bail fellow well met*;" and it is chiefly on account of them, and my having no doubt at all of their *originality*, that I have occasionally addressed *Wm. Wooley*, otherwise *Woolley*, as the author of the pamphlet.

I hope

I hope to Preach at the Tower Chapel next Sunday Morning."

I have no copy of the answer I wrote to this letter, therefore must abide by that which is given as from me in the pamphlet p. 67. which I believe is tolerably exact; though in the allusions to it, as also in the quotations from my other letter, p. 45. very contrary conclusions are drawn from those which are plainly deducible from my own expressions; indeed by altering the word *transactions*, and substituting the same word in the singular number, as my libeller has done, p. 49. the whole meaning of the sentence is changed, in order to make me guilty of inconsistency, and then it is presently, settled between him and his printer that " it is " impossible to display *such* a letter in *proper* characters without a supply of ink and types from Hell, " and that none of the printer's devils know the " way there, as they have never been to hear " Rowland Hill."*

Between

* After my manuscript was sent to the press, my brother informed me, that he had found out who was the printer of the letter addressed to me, and had been with him, that he appeared a harmless inoffensive man, and was perfectly free of all bad design in what he had done. That when Mr. Wooley brought the work to him, he said, he apprehended it to be a libel, but that Wooley assured him IT WAS ALL STRICTLY TRUE. That as to the above words attributed to him by Mr. Wooley, he

Between the short period of my writing this letter dated March 4th 1793, and Mr. Wooley's sending me the testimonium, I thought it right to make what inquiries I could among those who were likely to have the best knowledge of him, especially as I had not only received another very strange letter from him, but found myself highly blamed for what I had already done in recommending him to the Marshalsea. Suffice it to say, that these inquiries did not at all operate in the gentleman's favor, but very much the contrary; and convinced me that I had done perfectly right in throwing out the hint, which I did in the former letter, that "as the salary

he never made use of them, nor of any like them, however, that Mr. Wooley being very anxious to have them inserted, he at length, though very reluctantly, complied with the request. This *little fib*, therefore, of the Rev^d Gentleman, that he might lay his own brat at the poor printer's door, is somewhat akin to his having informed Mr. Durham the bookseller, in Cockspur-street, in order to induce him to take some of his libels, that "*be had left a parcel with Mr. Mathews, of the Strand, for sale.*" I happened to be at Mr. Mathews's shop, when Mr. Durham sent this information to him; and it is now at the particular request of Mr. Mathews, that I contradict it as an intire fabrication of Wooley's, as neither he nor any other person from him, ever called at Mr. Mathews's at all with the books; and if they had, Mr. Mathews declared that he would on no account have suffered his shop to have been defiled with any publication, under the name of such a man as Wooley, to whose character he is no stranger.

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was given at my request, so it was in my power by speaking a word to Mr. Rose to have it withdrawn ;” though I never meant to proceed to extremities. On this account before Mr. Wooley sent the testimonial, I wrote him the following letter, a copy of which I fortunately preserved, though he himself has had the wisdom to suppress it in the account he has given of our correspondence, knowing well that by keeping that out of sight, he might venture to accuse me of a breach of promise in not attending to the testimonium, which those who knew him best, supposed he would be hardly able to procure, especially as it was now confidently asserted (whether truly or falsely I pretend not to say, but charitably hope for the best,) that he had for a long time been in a most dreadful condition with *a certain disorder*, as also that he had deserted the Marshalsea, and had absconded from his wife, whom he very properly indeed stiles “ *the dear partner of his woes*,” after having been married to her scarcely ten weeks, and had left the kingdom, without even taking leave, or letting her know whither he was going ; inasmuch that the poor distressed woman not hearing any thing of him for three months, advertised him in the papers, and intended to have put on mourning for him, when lo ! the kind husband appeared, from the land of dawning liberty : but here alas, he left behind him whatever had even the appearance of being valuable, I mean all practical religion, and imbibed those horrible political principles, which
like

like wild fire, were then spreading throughout that distracted country. After his return, his unhappy and neglected wife knew very little of him and of his connections, nor does she even at this time, as he is seldom at home either by night or by day, except occasionally, but never long together. It is true, this secret expedition to the Continent was (as Mr. Wooley himself informs us) charitably looked upon by many as the effect of insanity, and the poor adventurer was very much pitied. For my own part, I pretend to give no judgment on this point; but it is well known that the consequences of mercurial preparations (which are administered for various disorders,) are often found very injurious to the brain. These particulars having as already observed begun to get wind, I took it for granted I should see no testimonium in favor of our Hero; however in case I should, I wrote him the letter before mentioned, and which I now hasten to transcribe.

March 6th, 1793.

“ REV^d SIR,

You need not trouble yourself about bringing me any testimonial in your favor. Your own disgusting letter bears so strong a proof of your uncommon forwardness, want of humility and knowledge of yourself, that I am quite satisfied I should do very wrong in making any application in your behalf. I will not suppose you were in liquor when you wrote, but I am in charity bound

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to think that your mind may be at times somewhat insane.

I am,

Rev^d Sir,

Your humble Servant,

RICHARD HILL.

P. S. You need not trouble yourself to call on me, as I shall order my servant not to admit you."

The *disgusting* letter alluded to I now subjoin.

March 6th 1793

" DEAR SIR

Calling at the Tower yesterday I found y^r Letter that you had been So Good as to Write to Me I am the Bearer of this myself & thank you for the Hints relative to the Worth of Immortal *Souls*. and if there were any mistake of 4. or. 5. *Shillings*. it must be Mr. *Weber's* fault, for he was the *Accomptant*.* will bring the Testimonial you wish to See next Monday & will See your Brother in the *Interim* that he may be With us. suppose we take a cup of Tea with you about 10 oclock. Should like a Chaplaincy to a Reg^t that will not be reduced after the war. but upon a *Plan* that my 6s. 8d. per day may be Secure for Life. I shall put a *Curate* in my Prison called the Marshalsea till the war is over and if I should return I may enjoy *Otium cum Dignitate* with God's Blessing (I make

* By this it should seem, that the sum in dispute between Mr. Webber and Wooley was very small indeed, and as it is pretty certain that the *Gauzeman* is a much better arithmetician than the *Parson*, there can be but little doubt on which side the mistake lay.

no Doubt but what you will do what you can for me in this *Matter*. & the more so when I tell you that I am £40 in Debt though I have lived with the Stricteft frugality and could difpence with a Suit of Cloaths and a few Pair of Stockings for Sir R^d knows very well that preaching a Glorious Redeemer is not the way to Preferment and indeed the Servant fhould not expect to be above his Master. I condole with you on the Lofs of Good M^r — Beridge but our lofs is his Gain becaufe I am Certain he is gone to *Chrift*. Daddy Ryland has been Dead fome months a man I loved to De-
 ftraction he display'd a Greatnefs of Soul not often equaled and loved his Redeemer *ex animo*. Charles Fox's Pamphlet is got into the 12th Edition but I think he never was fo unpopular as at Prefent. I was at Weftminfter to hear y^r Chaplain on the 29 of Jan^r the Sermon was well adapted to the Oc-
 cafion but he appears to me not to be a Theolo-
 gian in Chrift he had a well drefsed Head of Hair & feemed to be in the high Road to Preferment. what is all the Preaching & what are *all* Preachers without a *vital* union with Chrift, Nihil. thefe are remarkable Times S^r Richard all Europe feems in Agetation the French feem to be forfaken by the Almighty they feem to have loft all fight of Moral Juftice. but I hope the Saviours Name will one day be founed through their Land.

I remain Y^r

Hum^b Ser^t WM WOOLLEY.

P. S. my

P. S. my political Creed (is) King Lords & Commons as it was settled at the Revolution and a moderate Reform when *Convenient!*"*

But to return to the Testimonium, which was indeed very soon obtained, though to the great surprize of most who have seen it as well as myself.

Far be it from me to reflect on any of the three good men whose names are annexed to it. Were I to condemn them, in so doing I should condemn myself. I was deceived in my too charitable opinion of a very worthless individual, so might they. Besides importunity, false compassion, and the idea of rendering a poor man a service, with the hopes of his future amendment, might all concur to give an helping hand on such an occasion. However, the question is, were the thing to be done again, would they do it now? Has a fuller knowledge of the man confirmed them in the rectitude of their act? And does not Mr. Wooley himself know one truly pious and learned Clergyman who knew the *man and his communications*, much better than any of the three, that absolutely refused his signature to his testimonium? And was he not positively denied admission into the reading desk, by the Rev^d Mr. F. of E—— Chapel, on account of the infamy

* The Reader will please to observe, that I never said a word to this poor silly creature about politics in all my life. What his *political creed* may now be, I suppose he hardly knows himself, neither indeed does it at all signify.

of his character, which then began to be no secret? Nay, did not the very same reason operate so lately as last Sunday evening, March 2^d, 1794, to his exclusion from a Church at London Stone?

We now return to Mr. Wooley's own epistles, than which there cannot be better *testimonials* of his good sense, religion, and abilities, though it really grieves me to transcribe some parts of them, on account of the profanation of scripture and evangelical expressions, which are found in them, blended with his own ravings, folly and nonsense. The next letter, which in point of time and order, though it bear no date, I had the honor of receiving from Mr. Wooley, was the following, which is precisely copied after the original, as to grammar, spelling, pointing, and the use of capitals.

“ DEAR SIR,

I was surprized to find you gave such a Character of me If I am Insane at Times its more my Misfortune, I could not be drunk when I wrote because I wrote it at 10 in the morning and the Bearer my self. besides I dont drink Porter have scarcely drank a dozen of wine Since I have been in London; a Dozen Glaffes of Spiritous Liquors is more than I have drank during the Same *Period*. therefore If I were as you Say it must be with Table Beer or Water; (Liquors) that I *Prefer*. before all others *whatever*. I can not find any thing in the Letter that I sent you that can make you think I were either but let us See what
we

we can *discover*. 1st I thank you for taking Notice of me. also for reminding me of the worth of Souls. then I send you a Testimonial as you desired. after I say only that they were mean at *Surry*. towards me, next I only tell you that the Gentleman appeared to me not to understand the Scheme of Salvation by Christ, moreover saying that he was Smart about the Head was—the Truth, about his preferment you can not say otherwise. than what I said may be fulfilled. by saying I want Cloaths &c is a fact. declaring that Mr. Fox's Popularity seems to be on the wane is too notorious to be denied. by signifying that that without a Vital union with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by Faith nothing would avail. in, a Religious Sense is Saying no more than the Scriptures announce (As the Branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the Vine no more can ye except it abide in me I am the Vine ye are the Branches. Says the Saviour of *Sinners*). by Saying—that good Mr. Beridge having made his Exit is a Loss to the Church of God. & Styling good Mr. Ryland *daddy* could not effect you *much*. it was owing to my attending to him years ago when he went to Preach I did often go with him carrying a Green Bag wherein were his Shirt &c as he always made it a Rule to put on a dry Shirt on after Preaching, for he informed me that the Sweat drying upon the Body poison.d the *Blood*. & desired me to do the *Same*. therefore none of these can offend Sr. R. by Saying that the Times are
Pregnant

Pregnant with great Events is the *Truth* (that the French have lost Sight of Justice only Consider the 2 & 3 of last September & the recent Death of Poor Louis the 16. therefore S^r. R let Poor Woolley have a Chaplaincy & S^r. Richard will render his Name more Illustrious than Ever.———w^m Woolley, preferring the Chaplaincy to a Regiment to a man of War can not displease S^r Rich because its more to be desired, and would enable W. to pay his Baker and *Butcher*. better. than *oiber*. w. called on S^r Richards Brother but found him not in a Christian *Spirit*—he told him that Terry wrote his *Book* but Terry did *not*. it was in Print before Terry saw *it*. he thought my coming to his house was to ask his Pardon for Publishing the Benefit of Starving *no* if I enter into a Treaty with R^d. R. Hill it must be upon these Grounds (I will Confess that I am sorry the Book was published & he shall say that owing to multiplicity of *Buisness* when I were with him he forgot me & that he is sorry he interfered in the Matter of Bethnal* Green.

*I beg to acknowledge
the Receipt of my
Testimonial again.*

Wishing You every Blessing

I remain with all due
Respect y^r Most Humble
Ser^t W^m WOOLLEY.

* The State of the Polle at Bethnall Green Church

The Rev^d m^r Pritchard 110 elected by 15

Woolley — — — 95

Rev^d Patrick supported by

y^r Brother & m^r Wilmot

Armstrong — — — 3

25 all whom had Promised. W——

E

N. B. I

N. B. I beg pardon for not Calling m^r Fox the Honorable in my letter it was Lapsus Pennæ.

P. S. What you S^r called forwardness in y^e I call *eccentricity*. by saying that I would put a Curate in the M. P. I meant a man that were lawfully ordained & Preached the same doctrines as myself. as being Chaplain in my own Right."

I do not recollect making any reply to this farrago of stupidity, impudence and ignorance; however, there was no getting rid of my correspondent, for a very short while after I received the following hodge podge from him.

" SIR,

" As I know that your realy wish to Sarve Merit, I shall take Care to be equally so in my Endeavours to deserve it. I shall Prepare a large dose, for the Cure of *a Certain disorder*. but am now Mixing up the most *potent* Parts, of the Medicine. you will be so kind as to let me have A little money if you can by way of a Present. its much wanted, for a very pressing & immediate purpose. besides it will give fresh Vigour to my Genius, & will add *irresistible* force to the Thunders of my Eloquence.

Destruction Surer comes, and rattles louder
Out of a Mine of *gold* than out of Powder.

May 8th

1793.

I am Sir with all
due Respect Y^r
Hum^{ble} Servant
W^m. WOOLLEY.
Tower of London."
In

In order if possible to be free from the further intrusions of this troublesome man, I took no manner of notice of this letter, but maintained the same intire silence as I had done after receiving the former one; but all would not do, and when I had left town, he pestered me with the effusions of his insolence and folly at my own country house. In one of these epistles, he asked me what all the good men in parliament (mentioning *two or three* names) were about, that they did not bring in a bill for the abolition of Deans and Chapters, Archdeacons, &c. In the same letter, however, he told me, that "the best thing I could do, would be to get him some Church preferment unknown to my brother," and informs me, that "he had taken his master of arts degree at King's College." I well remember that this letter was quite in the same style of intimacy with all his others; and that "*you says*" "*you makes*," &c. was the elegant grammar, in which it was penned. What a pity it is that the public are not informed how long he resided at the ancient seat of learning, and who was the celebrated tutor that has gained such immortal honor by this distinguished pupil. Surely for the credit of the College, as well as that of our Alma Mater, these things ought to be inquired into.

In his next, which I received soon after, he told me he was going to publish; that he had heard much said of the beauties of Hawkstone, and hoped I would invite him thither to spend some time with me. Not knowing how soon I

might otherwise be favored with the proffered visit, I testified my wish of declining the honor, by freeing and sending back the letter, assuring him at the same time, that if he plagued me with any more of his impertinent packets, I would return them unopened, and unfranked; and added, that before he commenced author and attempted to display his knowledge of languages, I would advise him to get a horn-book, or spelling-book, and learn a little of his mother tongue. This to the best of my remembrance was the purport of my reply; however, as I doubt not but he has my original letter, I heartily wish he had published it, together with those already printed in the pamphlet; but the real author of that pamphlet, when he received the materials to work on from Wooley, (not knowing that I had any of his *original* letters in my hands) has been crafty enough to suppress it, as he has my other letter relative to the testimonials, in order that he might afterwards charge me with a breach of promise.

I did not keep in my own possession this last, but by far the most curious letter of the Marshalsea Chaplain, as for style, writing, spelling, grammar and miscalling of words, it far outdid all his former epistolary productions; of the superlative excellency of which he himself, however, has conceived so very high an opinion, that he tells us in the postscript of the printed letter (which postscript I believe to be intirely his own, and perhaps the only part that is his own) "that he deserves well of his Country, and ought to be a Bishop." But when
 -this

this great event in the christian world takes place, I suppose he will not then be so earnest in his wishes, as he was when he wrote his letter, that a bill should be brought into parliament to pull down the whole Hierarchy, with all Bishops, Deans and Chapters, unless there be a clause of exemption for the Right Rev^d Father in God William Wooley.

HAVING, I think, made it sufficiently appear, that the Marshalsea Chaplain cannot possibly be the writer of the letter addressed to me, I now proceed to declare, as far as some strong suspicions can go without mentioning a name, who I believe to be the real fabricator of that malicious libel.

The person I mean must be at least forty years of age, is descended from an ancient respectable family, has had a liberal education, grafted upon very good natural genius and abilities, but unfortunate early connexions with a turn for dissipation and play, soon hurried him into the most pernicious courses, and caused him in a very short time to run through a considerable fortune. Being reduced to the greatest extremities, he had recourse to all those wretched expedients to get money, that poverty occasioned by bad conduct usually hurries men into. He has now several relations in very affluent circumstances; but they have at length all cast him off, and for some years past he has been *wandering to and fro on the earth*, and from time to time writing begging letters to all who have ever been

been acquainted with him or his family, always at first in the most abject supplicatory stile imaginable, but where these letters are not attended to in the manner he wishes, the meanness of flattery is immediately exchanged for the most rancorous scurrillity, and if the object of his revenge be placed in any conspicuous station, the most virulent libel which falshood, rage and malice can invent, is the sure consequence of the disappointment; and by such libels it has been, that very large sums have been collected into his pocket, out of the pockets of those who prefer lies and calumny to truth and candor, and are strangers to that happy temper of charity which *thinketh no evil*, and is always inclined to hope for the best of every man. And though such libels have more than once subjected the printers to a prosecution, yet the writer himself has generally escaped the lash of the law.

Among others, my brother Rowland and I have both received letters from the gentleman in question. I was no stranger to his real character, but being touched with the feelings of a compassion, which perhaps I cannot quite vindicate, I have more than once supplied him with money, when he wrote to me under the most poignant distress and apprehensions of a prison; having, however, detected him in a design of swindling me out of a considerable sum, and since that time not having been so liberal to him as he wished, but having presumed to give him a good deal of *wholesome advice*, instead of playing the part of the fawning sycophant

fycophant any longer, he is become the scurrilous and abusive railer.

I will not be more explicit, in hopes I may be yet mistaken, but as I am not conscious of ever having given any man upon earth just cause to become my enemy, I can look no further; and if my good intentions and ill-placed kindness have drawn down upon me hatred, wrath and vengeance, from a quarter from whence I had a right to expect much better treatment, certainly that is more my misfortune than my fault. Before I quite take my leave of the supposed author, I must add, that he is now a *perfect patriot*, and that the French revolution has not a more zealous defender. The worst wish I have for him is, that he may be brought to a right use of the good sense he possesses; and when that is the case, notwithstanding all that has happened, I shall rejoice in every opportunity of testifying the regard I still have for him and his family.

I hope I may now be permitted to call the attention of my readers to a very opposite character; and though it be drawn by the pencil of an own brother, I trust it will neither be partial or untrue; but the very frightful picture of him which has lately been hung out to public view, in the letter signed W. Wooley, will make every apology for placing his features in their proper form utterly needless. I shall, however, lay on as few of my own colors as possible, but proceed to copy some leading traits, which have been already delineated in a letter, that a few years ago appeared in a
morning

morning paper, from which I extracted what follows. The letter was signed, A CHRISTIAN; but by whom it was written I believe was never known, even by my brother himself.

“ THE Rev. Rowland Hill is fourth son of the late very respectable Baronet of that name, and brother to Sir Richard Hill, who has for several years represented the county of Salop in Parliament.

“ Rowland’s pious disposition discovered itself at a very early period: When he was a little boy at Eton School, he used to get up before his school-fellows, and run to the morning prayers of the church, from which he could return in time for the meeting of the school. His pocket-money was always employed for the relief of the poor, and his leisure hours were engaged in visiting the distressed and alleviating their sorrows, in which his sympathizing breast took a near part.

“ When Mr. Hill had gone through Eton School, he entered at St. John’s College, Cambridge, where he performed his exercises, and took his degrees with no small credit; but the bent of his mind being for holy orders, and religion his most delightful work, he took frequent opportunities of visiting the poor prisoners, talking with them about their everlasting concerns, praying with them, and reading the scriptures to them. This way of spending his vacant hours, Mr. Hill judged to be at least as proper employment for a candidate for the Ministry, as sitting at the bottle or the card table.

“ But

" But it was looked upon as quite *too much*, and construed as having a strong favor of *enthusiasm* by some of his superiors in college. It therefore contributed not a little to prevent his being elected a Fellow of that Society, and, by this means to exclude him from some valuable preferment which was in his father's gift, restrained by the will of an ancestor to Fellows of St. John's College. However, Mr. Hill always speaks with gratitude and respect of his kind tutor, Doctor Frampton, as also of the candour and attention he met with from the present worthy and learned Master of Jesus, then Dean of St. John's*, who expressed his abhorrence of all persecution for conscience sake, and bore this testimony of Mr. Hill, "*that he knew no one better qualified to make a good useful parish priest.*"

" If Mr. Hill met with some hard treatment at College on the above account, it was soon rendered much harder by the obstacles which were thrown in the way of his ordination, for a considerable time before that event took place by the late Bishop of Bath and Wells. It is not my design to justify Mr. Hill's conduct in any thing that may have been really imprudent or irregular in itself, or contrary to the stated rules and discipline of the Church of England; but I must beg leave to remark, that *imprudencies and irregularities* of a much worse kind

* Now Bishop of Gloucester.

have frequently passed unnoticed; and that those who denied him admission into the church, have been the principal agents in sending him to labour out of it, and thereby of making him the instrument of calling many sinners to repentance who never, perhaps, would have heard any minister's voice within the consecrated walls. If, therefore, after the example of his divine Master, he has sometimes "made the earth his pulpit, and the heavens his sounding board," candour will surely admit some apology for his conduct, and esteem him less blame-worthy than if with the unprofitable servant, he had deceitfully buried his talent in the earth, and shrunk away from his pastoral work *out of season*, because he was not suffered to perform it *in season*.

"With regard to the doctrines which Mr. Hill has ever professed and preached, they are those which were made the test of admission into the Anglican Church at the time of the Reformation, and to which he has solemnly subscribed in her articles, homilies, and liturgy.

"As to enthusiastick phrensies and reveries, no man upon earth can bear stronger testimony against them than Mr. Hill uniformly does, always leading his hearers to the pure written word of God, and assuring them, that whilst warm imaginations and true grace are often at a wide distance from each other, there can be no proof that their repentance

tance is sincere, but by *bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.*

“ The mode of Mr. Hill’s preaching is purposely adapted to the cases and capacities of the poorer sort; after the manner of our blessed Saviour’s Parables, his illustrations are plain, simple, and drawn from nature; and according to the method which good old Bishop Latimer, the martyr, found so useful, are often interspersed with striking anecdotes and examples suited to the subject he is upon.—I do not, however, say, that this is always the case; Mr. Hill is frequently invited to preach Charity Sermons in different churches, on which occasions, though he never fails to be plain and faithful, yet there is usually a solemn dignity of language, which at once commands attention and respect, and a nervous manly style of expression accompanying his most warm and affectionate addresses, especially when he is endeavouring to impress his hearers with a deep sense of the evil of sin, and of the danger of neglecting the great Salvation of the Gospel.

“ As to Mr. Hill’s life and conversation, they are a continual speaking comment on the soundness of his doctrine, and carry with them the most convincing proof of the apostolic assertion that the faith which saves the soul, will ever work by love to God and to our neighbour; insomuch that malice itself may be provoked and defied to lay a finger upon any one immoral act in Mr. Hill’s life,

even from his early childhood. View him as a master, husband, friend, or in any other relationship in which he stands, you will always behold in him that amiable sweetness of disposition, that liberality of sentiment, and generosity of temper, which adorns the Christian, the Clergyman, and the Gentleman.—It must be added, that formal grimace, and stiff preciseness make no part of Mr. Hill's religion. He sees that real piety and innocent pleasantry may be very good friends, and this at once renders his company lively and useful, instructive and entertaining.

“ Such, and truly such is the man whom envy calumniates, and malice holds forth as the object of persecution and contempt.

“ I must now subjoin that the Rev. Mr. Hill knows nothing of this letter, nor who is the author of it, and as I am certain that I have not advanced any thing but what injured innocence demands, truth enforces, and justice requires, I call on Mr. Hill's most inveterate enemies (though I lament that I can make any such call) to investigate what I have said to the bottom, and then to weigh both my assertions and Mr. Hill's character, in the balance of sound judgment, fair candour and unprejudiced reason.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

A CHRISTIAN.”

So

So much for the character of the Rev^d Rowland Hill, as set forth by the pen of friendly candour. Let it be contrasted with the hideous monster, depicted by the libeller, and let truth herself decide which most resembles the original.

My brother's very early love and zeal for religion is well known by many who remember him from a child. He never was at Oxford at all, and whilst at Cambridge, was not only a pattern of true faith and christian piety, but passed his degrees with a more than common degree of credit to himself as a scholar.

Let me add, that Loyalty to his King and attachment to the constitution, have always marked his character; and that he has constantly inculcated the same principles into the minds of his numerous hearers.

By his shameless libeller, he is represented as a loose, profane youth, who leaped from the haunts of dissipation and *the brothels at Oxford*, to *instruct and enlighten mankind*, and withal so ignorant, as not to be able to read a line in Grotius, or to construe a verse in the Greek testament.

Let it here be remarked, that whilst my brother, as abovementioned, both performed all his college exercises and took his degrees at St. John's College, Cambridge, with commendation and honor, the audacious Wooley has the effrontery to talk of *his College* and *his degree at King's*, without having been at any University, and to sign himself A. M. without ever
taking

taking any degree in any place or science, but those of impudence and ignorance in a butcher's shop, and being an utter stranger to all arts, unless it be the art of bull driving, or playing at marrow-bones and cleavers.

As a writer, my brother has appeared but seldom before the public, indeed his ministerial employments afford him but very little leisure for the exercise of his pen; however, what he has written has always met with good acceptance from the public, and at least with candor from the Reviewers, though differing from him in sentiment; and he was even honored with the thanks of his amiable Diocesan, for his last little piece on the mischiefs arising from suffering Strolling Players in manufacturing towns, which was written when there was a company of them at Wotton Underedge in Gloucestershire, where my brother usually resides in the summer. Wooley would make the world believe, that he himself was once an author before the present publication in his name, (though it is well known he neither wrote the one or the other of the pamphlets) nay, he has even the consummate assurance to affirm, that I was *pleased with the compliment* paid me in his first piece, and *joined in the laugh* against my brother and the Trustees. Now I solemnly declare, that though he sent me this puny effort of malicious rage (of which he himself never wrote a line any more than he did of the letter under consideration, but in both was contented to strut

strut about, like the poor foolish daw in borrowed plumes, or the ass in lion's skin) yet I never remember to have read a single page in the former, till after I had seen the latter.

I confess, however, to have seen one other publication which passed under Wooley's name. I forget the title, but the purport of it was to caution youth against being led astray by lewd women.—*Un chat echaudé craint l'eau froide.* As Mr. Wooley is so complete a Frenchman, I need not tell him that the best translation of the proverb is, *a burnt child dreads the fire.* Having said this I heartily wish the book success.

It has more than once happened, that Rowland in the fervour of his exertions in the best of causes, has been seized with a bleeding at his nose; the unfeeling or rather exulting manner in which the libeller takes notice of this, is truly *satanical*; however, his design was to ridicule not to sympathize, though at how low an ebb his attempt at wit flowed on the occasion is pretty evident.

How Mr. Wooley himself deceived the Archbishop of York, to give him orders at all, is a mystery, which I confess is to me and many others unaccountable, especially as this very same Wooley allows that his grace was never known to ordain a *Dunce, or a man of bad character.* In speaking of this transaction, Mr. Wooley with the most unparalleled assurance, p. 18, says, "I had not even at that time taken out my degree at College."

O risum

O risum teneatis. Perhaps Mr. Wooley's advancement to this degree, and the manner in which he obtained it, may be hereafter explained to the public by the writer of the pamphlet published in his name. I confess that I have heard of some gross abuses of degrees at Cambridge, but I cannot think that University could ever so far have prostituted her favors, or so far have been imposed on by artifice or false pretences, as to have suffered such a poor, low, ignorant creature as Wooley, to be admitted a Graduate and Master of Arts, in their learned body. However, the Superiors and Governors of King's College, to which he pretends to belong, and where he professes to have received his degrees, will do well to take this matter into their serious consideration: but I must affirm, if Wooley's assertions be false on this business, that he is a most audacious *impostor* indeed. If they be true, what becomes of the good sense, the credit, the honor of the College?

That the worthy gentleman, whose *claim to moral and literary merit* is such, that he thinks he deserves to be promoted to a Bishoprick, is no *Dunce*, nay that as a writer he is even an able critic, his own most elegant epistles very clearly demonstrate; but let us have recourse to another instance or two.

Sir Rich^d Hill "begs to decline:" this says the letter-writer is false English and bad grammar. But so incorrigibly and invincibly stupid is this *Welch Baronet*

ronet that he cannot even after this learned remark see how by this expression he has exposed his ignorance of the English tongue. If it be said, that the words should have been "*begs leave to decline.*" I cannot for my life discover how I speak nonsense by saying "*I beg to decline,*" whilst Mr. Wooley speaks sterling sense, in saying "I beg to acknowledge."

The second instance of Mr. Wooley's profound skill in criticism, is a much more striking one, especially as it is adduced to demonstrate at once my own flagrant impiety, and his great veneration for the Saviour's name. P. 63, of the pamphlet we have these very words. "You also wish, *that I may know CHRIST, and him crucified.*——Is it possible "that you could write that sacred word without "trembling? It is not possible, the manner, in "which you wrote it, bears evident marks of your "tremor——It bears marks of something worse, "Sir Richard, for this is the way in which it is "written in your letter. Xt. Thus your horrid "hand had the further impiety to mutilate the sacred name of your Saviour, because at the very "moment you were writing it, you could not bear "to see it displayed at full length."

Who would have imagined that whilst I write this, a letter from Mr. Wooley to my brother now lies before me, wherein after expressing his *great regard* for him, he wishes him *all blessings* in Xt. written exactly as above. Can there be a better

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excuse

excuse offered for the poor raving wretch, than that he was ignorant of the contents of the pamphlet published in his name, and consequently knew not that whilst his friend was so furiously pouring out the vials of his wrath against me, he emptied them on the *would be* mitred *pate* of the devoted Wooley himself?—The very same reason holds good for the former criticism.

WE now proceed to a very heavy charge against my brother, which as it stands unadorned with all the letter-writer's trappings of eloquence, is just this, that *he bid Mr. Wooley get out of his house*. Truly my brother had seen so much reason to lament that he had ever suffered Mr. Wooley to come into it, that it is not to be wondered that he wished to dispense with every future honor of the kind; and though Mr. Wooley's conscience at that time would have so far truckled to convenience, that in order to recover my brother's favor (for whom in that same letter he declares he *has the highest respect*) he would have expressed his sorrow for all he had said or written against him, provided my brother would on his part have testified his concern for having cautioned the inhabitants of Bethnel Green, against choosing him for their lecturer: yet my brother being fully conscious that he had acted from the most upright disinterested motives in that transaction, would not hearken to any such mean hypocritical proposals; and as the
most

most effectual means of ending the visit with the business, expressed his earnest desire (and that as both Mrs. Hill and himself assure me with great calmness and composure of spirit, not with the *looks and gestures* of an *enraged pug'list*) of getting rid of Mr. Wooley's company with as little delay as he would have wished to get rid of the plague or a mad dog.

What is my brother's usual reception of his friends and even of strangers, is well known by all those who know him. Mr. Wooley himself is by no means ignorant of it; and it does not tell much to his own credit, that a further insight into his *life, character and behaviour* (for I say nothing of his *birth, parentage and education*, though I may, perhaps, have occasion by and by to speak of his *last dying speech and confession*,) induced my brother, instead of desiring him again to sit down at the friendly table where he had been so often fed, to shew him the door through which he had so often entered.

But there are wretches in the world, capable of cutting the throats of those who have been filling their own with plenty.

I must now again turn my attention to the formidable Author of the letter addressed to me, by whom it seems I am threatened to *be driven from all virtuous and honourable Society*; however, take his own words,—“ I have no doubt of making you feel the lash of public scorn and public abhorrence:

I have no doubt of being able to hunt you out of all virtuous and honorable society: I have no doubt of consigning you to all the tortures of outward disgrace, of inward guilt, and of impotent revenge. I leave your conscience to bring you before the tribunal of heaven: It is my sole purpose to drag you before that of your country; you will soon both hear and feel the sentence of civil death pronounced upon you." P. 46.

Now Sir, in all this great business which you have to perform, I will do you the justice to say, that as you have no doubts of your power, so I have doubts of your good will: but should this indeed be the case, and should I be *hunted* by you out of all *virtuous* and *honorable* society, I might still have the comfort of taking shelter in your's, and that of your present gang of intimates; else I suppose you would hardly have expressed your ready inclination to have paid me a friendly visit in Shropshire, and that too, so lately as in August last. What Sir! lose your own spotless character, by entering the doors of such a rascally villain, such a niggardly scoundrel as the grand Impostor of St. Stephen's chapel, who so far from letting you partake of the *smoking haunch* and *rich surloin*, would not have given you the *blade* of a leek when you were under his roof! This surely would be to feel the *Benefit of Starving* with a witness. But what mortification and self-denial will not so good a man as Mr. W^m. Wooley, alias Woolley, readily practise, in order to shew his
forgiving

forgiving temper and disposition towards his worst enemies, among whom is certainly the *red hot baronet* of £16,000. a year, who cheated him, or at least connived at his being cheated out of his little salary at Surrey Chapel, in order to save the pocket of his brother Impostor.

But to return. *Hunters*, Sir, are very apt to ride too furiously, and in so doing they often get a fall and dash out their own brains, whilst the harmless hare escapes unhurt; though as far as Mr. Wooley is concerned in the chace, and I will allow him the honour of being *whipper-in*, I know the latter part of the misfortune cannot happen. Would the *buntfman* himself take my advice, next time he pursues his game, I would ride an horse instead of an ass; otherwise he can no more hope to be in at the real death of poor pufs, than at the *civil death* of the *scorned, abhorred and disgraced* Sir Richard.

One more word of counsel I would offer to Mr. Wooley himself. In all your threats speak in character; not as a sportsman, but as a butcher. Tell me you will cut me completely up,—flay me alive,—trim my *bide*,—or *dress* me well.

But now suppose the game was to turn about on it's pursuer, (as a poor stag when hard pressed will do) and was to *bunt* the pious chaplain out of the Marshalsea; would he, or could he have any just cause to complain? Certainly not. He has a trade in his hand; let him again put on the linsley apron, and take off the cassock; and instead of dreaming any
more

more of *lawn sleeves*, let him resume his old blue ones, tied above the elbows, and return to the knife, the steel and the chopping-block. A sanguinary business well suits a sanguinary disposition; and it is better to stab sheep than characters. A slaughter-house will become him much better than a Church; and he may save his breath in the pulpit to blow up his meat in the shambles. He need be in no danger of *starving* with plenty all around him, and may smile over the fleece in a butcher's stall, as well as if seated in the stall of a cathedral; besides his shop will have this superiority above all others in the Metropolis, that it will be furnished with one calve's head with the hair on all the year round.

Pardon me my pious reader, and let not the graver christian be offended at a few little sallies, wherein I trust I am justified by the command of Solomon himself, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit," or if not by that, yet by the preceding verse, "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." Prov. xvi. 3, 5.

Although I can truly say with the Poet,

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,

Yet, perhaps, I cannot intirely say,

Eripuere jocos.

But if in this respect, it be not wholly with me, as with my old friend Horace, I trust I may shelter myself under the wing of a much better pattern, I mean

mean that of Elijah himself, whose ironic satire to the prophets of Baal, brings with it full proof, that the weapons of pleasantry may be successfully made use of in their turns, against the enemies of God and of his people.

Although for my political and parliamentary conduct I am arraigned under the character of the *meanest tool of the meanest man in office*, and am threatened to be *dragged out of the retreats of corruption*, yet I cannot say I sit quite indifferent to such language, as it gives me most sincere satisfaction in any way whatever to meet abuse from such an hand and from such a pen; and if this author himself, with all his worthy friends, who are now either at large, or in prison for sedition or other crimes, were to join in the cry against me, their combined howlings would not be half so unwelcome to my ears, as would the dismal yell of their approbation and praise. On this account, therefore, instead of intending to commence a prosecution against the printer, booksellers and ostensible authors (for which, however, the door stands wide open) I never wished or tried to stop the sale of the libel, and the libeller himself is intitled to my thanks; though, perhaps, my brother as a Clergyman, may think a legal defence of himself absolutely necessary: in this, however, I shall not influence him, neither one way or the other; but as his character is well known and long known, were I in his place, (as facts have now been faithfully stated,) I would no more mind the foamings of a poor Wooley, with all his vagabond associates, by bringing the business
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before a court of judicature, than the sun regards the spittings of a toad, or the moon the barkings of a whole legion of dogs. And with regard to myself, though I had descended to no explanations whatever on the charges brought against me, I trust there would have been but few found, who would not have believed that I acted on good and honorable grounds, and had sufficient reasons for my conduct; and instead of censuring me for any ill-treatment of the Marshalsea pastor, would rather have blamed my patience, in bearing with him so long. I hear he has boasted, that *his* pamphlet has been read by several members of the House of Commons; I can only express my hopes that it has, though I must subjoin that I have not met with any one member, who has ever looked into it, but is of opinion, that the best *Cure* for the real or pretended author, would be the discipline of the kennel, the horsepond, or the foot of one of my stable men. But be that author who he may or what he may, ever so low, ever so unprincipled and abandoned, the worst wish I have towards him, and the only remedy I would prescribe for him, is true and hearty repentance for his *gross falsehood* and *black ingratitude* towards those who never injured him, and are still ready and willing to forgive him.

It is true indeed, that the arrows of malevolence when thrown against the breast-plate of truth will only recoil, and hurt the person who shot them; but when we consider how much the love of slander, and of *evil bearing*, and *evil reading*, as well as of *evil speaking* is prevalent in the world, we must conclude,

conclude, that there are many, who instead of paying attention to the good old adage, *audi alteram partem*, will only attend to one side of the question, and by that means are ever ready to swallow down for truth, the most abominable falshoods.

This may in some instances have been the case on the present occasion; and although in the whole of the transactions now laid before the public, I have done nothing which I would not wish to be thoroughly investigated; and which as a Christian and a man of honor, I would not do again under the same circumstances; yet my libeller has heaped so many falshoods and misrepresentations one upon another, and broken down every barrier of honor, conscience and veracity, in order to set up the appearance of plausibility, and to give to the baseless fabric an air of solidity, that without pulling down the whole building, one stone after another, which I have neither leisure nor inclination to do, it is not so easy to discover how rotten are the materials, and how untempered the mortar with which it is constructed. I trust, however, I have said enough to convince the judgment and to rouse the honest indignation of every candid reader, and to demonstrate that I, as well as my worthy brother, have been exceedingly ill used. If I am blamed for making any answer at all, as I know I am by several of my friends, let me crave their forgiveness, and the public indulgence for this instance of my weakness. And if I have hereby forced into consequence a most insignificant being, and

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nursed a bantling which otherwise would have been suffocated in it's own filth as soon as born, let me still add "*Pardon thy servant in this thing.*"

AFTER all, what has been my crime*? Why I have conferred favors on two men, Butcher Wooley and the person whom I suppose to be the author of the pamphlet, who have proved themselves to be almost unheard of monsters of ingratitude; and who like those of old, spoken of by the psalmist, have *returned me hatred for my good will, and for*

* I now speak collectively, including in the word *crime*, all the different offences for which I am *arraigned at the public bar*, by the Rev^d. Mr. Wooley, alias Woolley; these however, I think, may be reduced (independent of ornaments and decorations) to four.

1st. I have cheated, or at least have connived at, aided, and abetted the cheating of Mr. Wooley out of his stipend, as reader at Surrey chapel.

2^d. I did not procure for Mr. Wooley, either an appointment or salary for the *Marshalsea prison*.

3^d. I have not obtained for Mr. Wooley a chaplaincy to a regiment or man of war.

4th. *My horrid hand*, though struck with conscious tremor at the instant, has dared to *mutilate the Saviour's name*, by writing the word Christ as follows, XT. exactly as it stands in that pious Christian's (Mr. Woolley's) own letter to my brother.

But there is perhaps another offence which is not brought before the *public eye*, and that is, my having (without much ceremony I own) declined the honor, pleasure and favor intended me of a visit by the Rev^d. William Wooley, alias Woolley, late helper in an eminent butcher's shop at Nottingham, where he confesses in one of his own letters to me, that he resided twenty-three years.

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the love I bare them, take now my contrary part. This I think is most evident from the whole of the pamphlet, in which, I must again repeat it, I can scarcely read more than a few lines together, without some direct falshood or gross misrepresentations meeting my eyes; whilst my letters themselves are so twisted, tortured and wire-drawn, that, in order to make them speak just what the libeller would have them, conclusions are deduced from them, very opposite from what are warranted by the letters themselves. And though these letters were certainly never intended for public inspection, and were written in much haste, yet take them according to their plain easy signification, undisguised by the perverse comments and unfair glosses of the libeller; and let common sense, candor, and justice be their interpreters, and then say whether there be any thing in them, either separately or collectively, to expose me to censure, ridicule, or malevolence, much less to make me the object of *scorn, reproach, and public abhorrence.* On the contrary, do they not clearly prove my wishes and endeavours to serve the unhappy man to whom they are addressed, as long as by the utmost stretch of charity I could look on him, as a fit person to be employed in the sacred duties of religion. Yet when I could do this no longer, I am held forth as a *mean, base, dirty, rotten-hearted, despicable knave, fool, idiot, villain, ruffian, scoundrel, liar, rascal, deserving to be hung up on the gibbet of public infamy, whose character is blotted with foul stains, hackneyed in dark*

machinations, infernal fiend, Devil, prototype of Satan, &c. &c. &c. &c. whilst my brother is, either directly or by implication, if possible, ten times worse than myself; not only a *dissipated brothel haunter*, but *void of all christian charity, and even of common honesty, a fury, a maniac, a barbarous miscreant who would fain tear an innocent man to pieces*, with a long string of *et cætera*, too numerous for me to collect the half of them; and which are so much beyond any thing that ever appeared in print before, or that ever came out of the mouth of a bargeman or a Billingsgate Amazon, that it is almost uncharitable to Beelzebub himself, to suppose he could have been the author of them, especially as they are rendered so much the more horrible, by being larded and profaned with the writer's professions of his own benevolence and good wishes, and even with assurances of his prayers for me. Yet these titles and appellations, linked with the most impudent and confident assertions, are to supply the place of all truth and fair reasoning; though like the scurrility to which they are joined, they are often so gross as to carry with them their own confutation.* I by no means deny, that
I refused

* As in the instance of the Trustees of Surrey Chapel, offering Mr. Wooley *one guinea a quarter* for reading prayers; as well as in that of the confession, which Mr. Wooley affirms he had HEARD me make, that "I could never learn Latin," for surely I must have been an *idiot* indeed as well as a blockhead, to have
made

I refused making application in behalf of Mr. Wooley, for a chaplaincy to a regiment or to a man of war; nor am I unwilling to assign the true undisguised reason, which is, that I had discovered him to be a most worthless individual, and totally unfit to be either; and, therefore, wished to shake him off my hands in the best manner I could, as Paul did the viper at Melita, that *the venomous beast* might *do me no harm*. However, had I applied, I am persuaded it would have been without success.

The truth is, that our adventurer who boasts so highly of his *punctual duty* at the Marshalsea, where he says he should put in a GOOD MAN† during his

made such an acknowledgment to one whom I knew to be as invincible a blockhead as myself. All those messages, hints and overtures which are said to have come from me relative to a chaplaincy in a regiment or a man of war, (and which God knows I never so much as heard of) in order to prevent the appearance of this doughty publication, are also among the number of those barefaced fictions, which I am persuaded must carry with them the fullest proofs of their being shaped on the anvil of impotent rage, in the fiery forge of malice, envy, and disappointment.

† From what quarter Mr. Wooley gets his supply of Curates for the Marshalsea, when he is rambling here and there and every where, is not very difficult to ascertain; the truest description that can be given of these *good men* is, that they are, as I am informed, quite of his own stamp. One of them not long ago, did not know how to put the surplice over his shoulders, perhaps it was the first time the poor man had ever tried, therefore, it would be hard to set him down for a bungler.

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his absence, wanted to make another excursion from "*the dear Partner of his woe,*" and finding himself too well known to get *many jobs* at home, was anxious of trying his fortune abroad either by land or by sea.

I suppose there is no man so totally lost to all sense of shame, as to apologize for falsehood as such, and therefore, in order to make it go well down, it must not even bear the appearance of ambiguity or mixture, but must pass for sterling truth itself: for

It is most probable, however, that these gentlemen in black, whether ordained or unordained, come from some of the Clerical offices in this great Metropolis, with which Mr. Wooley seems pretty well acquainted; and where, whoever calls himself a Clergyman, may always get immediate employment, without even the necessary preliminary required at all the offices for hiring servants, viz. a testimony of their honesty, sobriety, and good character. I remember not many years ago, that a very reputable Clergyman went from a motive of curiosity, to one of these *spiritual shops*, where the husband being out, Madam appeared, and a most curious conversation took place, which the Clergyman put down, and addressed to the then Bishop of London. Among other particulars, when she was asked why she demanded such *high poundage*, she answered, that indeed people in their way were subject to many losses—that since they had been in the business, many gentlemen had gone off with the hats and gowns they had hired from them at the office: "Dear Sir (added the Lady) it is but a few Sundays ago, that my husband lent a customer his best white wig to do duty in, and though he solemnly promised to return it at night, neither he nor the wig have since been heard of." *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis.*

this

this end, it must be prefaced and introduced with the most positive assertions, and many circumstances must be invented and forged to make the link hang together: a degree of low cunning, with a mind thoroughly debased and profligate, is amply sufficient for this purpose; so that I will not do Mr. Wooley, alias Woolley the injustice to say, that he is not *from within* thoroughly qualified for such a work, independent of the assistance he has had *from without*.*

BEFORE I conclude, I must again repeat what I said at the beginning, that the most disagreeable task I have met with in writing these observations, has arisen from the unavoidable necessity I have

* Whatever aid may have been afforded by Mr. Wooley's craft or baseness, as far as word of mouth could go, yet towards preparing the work for the press, he could not assist even as an amanuensis. After this reply was pretty far advanced, one of Wooley's original epistles was shewn to his printer, who declared that the hand-writing was not at all like the copy sent to him, so that Wooley was not so much as a scribe of the publication. Indeed, whoever has seen his manuscripts, and observed the spelling, pointing, use of capitals, as well as the strange *hieroglyphics* which his letters look like, would sometimes be at a loss to know, whether *English* or *Arabic* were the intended language; and would charitably conclude that the penman himself had never learnt to write at all, unless with his own *skewers*. However, as the matter of the libel is designed to be brought before the court, Mr. Wooley's genuine curiosities will then be produced, and held out to public view, with perhaps some more which are not in this collection.

found

found myself under of coming to personal vindications, against the heavy charges of *robbery, cheating, meanness, villainy, cruelty, oppression, &c. &c.* with which my present pair of adversaries have thought fit to load me : but while I say in the words of a much better man, " they cannot prove the things whereof they now accuse me," I hope I may be permitted to adopt the appeal and declaration of the honest Samuel, " Behold here I am, witness against me before the Lord, whose ox have I taken, or whose ass have I taken, or whom have I defrauded, whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith, and I will restore it to you?"

Having the testimony of a good conscience on my side, I fear not the accusation of confident boasting, nor yet the charge of arrogant presumption, if I call forward all those who have known me from my birth to the present hour, particularly the many hundreds, I had almost said thousands, who are well acquainted with the sphere wherein, either as a magistrate or private individual, I move in that highly respected and indulgent county which I have so long had the honor to represent in Parliament, to give in their united and impartial verdict on this occasion; and have no doubt but that verdict will be the same as was given in answer to the upright judge of Israel.

" Thou hast not defrauded nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand."

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"The Lord is witness that ye have not found ought in my hand."

"And they answered.—He is witness."

It is now more than forty years since I first began to see that an immortal being could find no real happiness here below, and to feel the weight and importance of that unanswerable reasoning of the Saviour of Sinners, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" During this long period, though like all others who desire to walk in the narrow path which leads to life, I have gone *through good report and evil report*, and have had many base and malicious calumnies to encounter, yet I find it an unspeakable happiness and privilege to be in any measure able to say, with one whose faith and patience I hope to follow, however humble the distance, that "none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I may finish my course with joy", and be made partaker of those blessings, before which the friendship of the world, with all its riches, pleasures and honors are lighter than vanity itself.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING acknowledged my belief that the postscript to the letter is Mr. Wooley's own, I shall give him in this a word of friendly advice, which, however, shall be nearly as short as that postscript.

Mr. Wooley has told me in the *beginning* of his pamphlet, that *he came into the world in a natural way, without any unusual prognostics*. But I must be permitted to tell him at the *conclusion* of mine, that the worst wish I have towards him is, that he may *LEAVE the world in a natural way*. But let him repent of his sins, amend his life, and renounce his present dangerous connections, otherwise I venture to *prognosticate*, that instead of being advanced to an episcopal throne on the ladder of ecclesiastical preferment, he may stand a chance of being exalted much higher than he wishes on *another ladder*, and when that is drawn from under him, and the cap pulled over his face, the *last dying speech and confession* which was before lightly touched on, will doubtless be echoed through the streets; and I am apprehensive, that my brother and myself shall (too justly) incur a large share of obloquy and reproach, for not having long ago recommended it to this same William Wooley, alias *Woolley*, alias

Not-

NOTTINGHAM BILL, to return to the shambles in that town, rather than to disgrace the reading desk at Surrey chapel (where however he was never suffered to preach) or the pulpit at the Marshalsea.

I have nothing more to add, but, that if the said William Wooley, alias Woolley, alias Nottingham Bill, does not think he has humbled me low enough by drawing me in to answer a pamphlet of scurrility and abuse under his name, he can only make me sink still lower in the public esteem, by writing another in my praise.

AFTER the whole of my pamphlet was finished, and just going to be sent to the printer, I received the following letter from my brother Rowland.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ If it be worth your while to take any notice, by way of answer to the pamphlet published under Wooley's name, I send you the following sketch of what I know of *the man and his communications*. He was an apprentice to the trade of a Butcher, in Nottingham, was then by his own confession of a wicked and wild turn of mind, but under the ministry of Mr. Robinson, a respectable Clergyman of Leiceſter, he appeared to be conſiderably reformed; after this he left his trade, and gained himſelf admiffion, I know not by what means, into a diſſenting academy, under

the care of Dr. Addington, where he received at the public expence, what little education he possesses ; but there, notwithstanding his reformation, he appeared of a wild and roving turn of mind, inattentive to his studies, but still wanted much more to commence a preacher than his tutor wished, out of credit to his academy:—I believe his residence there was very short, during that period, however, as I myself was a subscriber to that institution, this genius was first made known to me ; he then appeared to be fond of walking about the streets, in a dirty, mean condition, which I conceived to be more from the lowness of his disposition than the baseness of his heart ; he soon, however, moved from the seat of learning, and returned to his old occupation, as being a much fitter employ for one of his mean turn. After his absence for some time, I was to my great astonishment again addressed by my gentleman in the character of a clergyman in deacon's orders, which it seems he obtained from the Archbishop of York, but by what means he gained this favor, I am perfectly unacquainted—his errand to me was, that I would get him a mission with Mr. Johnson, to Botany-bay ; being convinced that he was not of sufficient ability for such a mission, I waved the business ; but being in debt at the inn and most meanly cloathed, I not only paid his debts, but put him in a more decent condition, still conceiving him to be upright in his heart, though low in his behaviour, and was glad, therefore,

therefore, to have it in my power to introduce him to read prayers at the Marshalsea, the chaplaincy of that place being then vacant; the salary, however, was very low, consisting of some small fees from the poor prisoners, not amounting to £10. per annum. In this state I recommended him to your notice; and he acknowledges in his first libel against me, (in which he gives you as much flattery as he now gives you abuse) that it was entirely through your interest, that the grant of £50. per ann. was promised him as an additional salary.

While these things were in agitation, he would frequently find his way to my house, and as frequently was fed at my table; repeatedly would he request me to let him read the morning prayers, as he thought that might recommend him to the notice of others.

I could not, however, be proud of my curate, but hoped if his occasional assistance was not to our credit, it would not be to our reproach; but while he asked the favor, he was paid for his labor, and liberally paid; the truth of this he often acknowledged to others, and virtually acknowledges the same in one of his curious letters to me; but what he says of his intended salary was merely a fiction, for the sake of working up the slanderous publication, as such an agreement never existed. Soon after this he ventured to take unto himself a wife, and about the same time, I admitted him, with the Trustees consent, to read prayers for the Rev^d Mr. Venn during my absence from town: he had
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not been in office more than a few Sundays, nor yet had he been married more than eight or ten weeks, but all at once one morning, this strange adventurer appeared very fullen to his bride, and was off; she knew neither the reasons why, nor whither he was gone; the poor woman under the greatest perplexity and poverty from the conduct of this cruel man, advertised him, and at the expiration of three months, he unexpectedly returned from France; upon this I thought it high time to shake off my hanger on, and his haunt to my house was now at an end. He took an opportunity, however, when I was out of town, to make a demand of Mr. Webber, from some promises which never existed, said to be given by me; by this artifice, however, he obtained from that gentleman's kindness and credulity, the sum of near nine guineas, for which he gave a receipt in full of all demands. After this he had the assurance to give me another call, I asked him if he was come to beg pardon for the abuse printed in his name, urging that he was too great a fool to write it himself; he acknowledged a bookseller was his corrector; but appearing unwilling to give up his pamphlet, I *calmly* desired him to quit my house †;—after this I was informed

† Wooley on this occasion compares my brother (whom he calls the *frantic Rowland*,) to an irritated tyger, a scorpion, &c. and assures us, that “ he advanced towards him with extended arms, and clinched fists, as if to strike him.” It is pity he did not add, that the said *frantic Rowland* stripped in *buff*, and that Mrs. Hill who was present, took up the poker on the occasion.

of his canvassing for the Lectureship of Bethnal Green; the people supposed he had my good wishes on this occasion; some charged him with deception, upon this score also; I thought it my duty, however, to tell the people what my own certain knowledge furnished me with of the man, and recommended a worthier minister as his substitute; if I prevented his election I thereby rendered an essential service to the parish. Besides the above I know nothing further, but that his poor wife is in the most destitute condition, he leaves her for days and weeks together penniless—she is obliged to the benevolence of others for her maintenance, while he rambles from coffee-house to coffee-house to associate with low French Jacobins, and is supposed to correspond with the different jail-birds of his own description; a proof of which you in a measure have, from the letter I send you with this.

I am, Dear Brother,
 London, Your's affectionately,
 March 4th, 1794. ROWLAND HILL."

The letter above alluded to by my brother, was sent to him by Mr. S——n, a respectable tradesman in the borough, who had long been a good friend to Wooley as well as to his distressed Wife, both before and after their marriage†. Mr. S——n
 inclosed

† Mrs. Wooley lived a servant with Mr. S——n about five years, and always behaved herself very well in his family. Mr.
 Wooley,

inclosed in his own letter another, that by accident Wooley had left open at his own lodging, in which the writer (who is now in the King's Bench prison) offers to furnish Wooley with some anecdotes against the *canting crew*, for a second Edition of his book. Mr. S——n assures my brother, that “ the infamous character of the writer is *fatally known* (I use his own words) to many of his neighbours, who have been taken in by him to the amount of several hundred pounds.” What a choice collection of friends and auxiliaries, has Mr. Wooley to boast of! Both the original letters are now in my possession; and I remember to have formerly relieved the worthy coadjutor with some money upon his writing me a begging letter; and I am much mistaken if I have not very lately had two or three more of his favors, which influenced me so far as to wish to serve him to the utmost of my power, thinking him from his own account, to have been much injured and oppressed; but upon further enquiry and investigation of his character, I found him to be a perfect Wooley, insane at intervals; and although in sense and abilities far beyond

Wooley, who used to visit there, hearing that the young woman was intitled to a few hundred pounds on the death of a relation, (to speak in character) *cast a sheep's eye at her*, and persuaded her to marry him. We must however do the poor girl the justice to say, that she at that time, like many others, believed her intended husband to be really a pious, religious clergyman.

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the Nottingham Butcher*, yet in point of falsehood, scurrility and abuse, as good a second as could have offered his services to him on the occasion.

* In confirmation of what my brother and I have both asserted relative to Mr. Wooley's education in a butcher's shop at Nottingham, I add, by way of note, an extract from one of his own letters, in his own words, dated August last, and spelt exactly according to the original, now lying on my table.

" You and your brother believed I should never have been heard
 " of any more. but instead of that I have taken a master of Arts
 " degree at *Kings*. It has been *whispered* in your ears that I have
 " no abilities though without ever knowing one thing of Latin or
 " Greek BEING A BUTCHER FOR 23 YEARS. and knowing not one
 " Latin word. nay nor English, yet in three months I learned my
 " Greek *Testament*. Hugo G, and took Deacons Orders. *Its*
 " been *declear'd* to you that I am a very bad man, three good men
 " said in a *testemonial* that I sent to you that I am a worthy *character*."

" I cannot conclude Sir Richard without giving you a bit of my learning *Fronti nulla Fides*.

Mr. Wooley, by way of P. S. adds, his Respects to Mrs. Hill and Rowland."

It may justly excite surprize that I should have preserved so many epistles from such a correspondent. I really had two reasons for this, 1st, I began to discover a mischievous ungrateful disposition in the man which he might some time or other set to work to do me injury, and therefore did not destroy his letters, though some of them may have been lost, one of which I particularly regret. 2dly. I am very apt to put by *extraordinary curiosities* in the epistolary way, which may sometimes excite a little innocent pleasantry; and I believe nobody will doubt but the letters of the Rev. and learned Wm. Wooley, A. M. of King's College, Cambridge, are intitled to a conspicuous place in my collection,

APPENDIX.

AS some readers may wish to see all those letters of mine in one point of view which have excited the indignation of Mr. Woolley, I will now annex them by way of appendix, though perhaps if I had inserted them in the body of the piece, and as the matter of them came under observation, it might have been more according to order.

The first letter bears no date as to the year, but only—— “ Harley Street, April 20th.

“ Rev^d. Sir,

“ I have *just* received your letter, which was
 “ sent to me from Hawkstone to London. I
 “ *know nothing* of the transactions you allude to;
 “ but as you *voluntarily* read prayers at Surrey
 “ Chapel for *any little gratuity*, I don't see how
 “ you can make a demand, especially as there was
 “ *no stipend agreed for*. Besides, I *understand* that
 “ you did this in *hopes I would get you a salary*
 “ *from the Treasury*, which you now have, *entirely*
 “ *through my application*; and if I was to speak
 “ a word

" a word to Mr. Rose, it would be immediately
" withdrawn. It *therefore* appears to me, that
" the demand you make on my brother is *by no*
" *means justifiable*. Sincerely wishing that you may
" *see and feel the bitterness of sin*, and that you
" may know Xt. and him crucified, I remain,

" Rev. Sir,

" Your's, &c.

" Harley Street, April 20."

" Richard Hill."

" To the Rev. Wm. Woolley."

The reader will please to observe, that the above letter is the same in speaking of which Mr. Wooley affirms, that his printer made use of the following expressions. " It is impossible to display such a letter in proper characters, without a supply of ink and types from Hell; and none of my devils know the way there, as they have never been to hear Rowland Hill."

I leave this *hellish infernal* letter before the public, to form what judgment of it they please, and make no comments on it myself. A part of Mr. Wooley's comment on it is, that *he is glad no parish register in his country, has ever been blotted with the name of Richard Hill*.

The next letter of mine printed in the pamphlet, was in answer to Mr. Wooley's application to me, to procure for him a chaplaincy to a regiment or man of war.

" Harley Street, March 4th, 1793.

" Reverend Sir,

" I have been so *continually engaged*, that
 " I had *not time to acknowledge* the receipt of your
 " letter, with your two pamphlets, before. *How-*
 " *ever I might wish to serve you* in the way you
 " desire, yet I consider the charge you apply for
 " as a very awful one. *Soldiers and sailors have*
 " *immortal souls*, as well as other men, and stand
 " upon the brink of sudden death more than any
 " others. I could not therefore *conscientiously re-*
 " commend any one to be chaplain to a man of
 " war, or to a regiment, of whose *sound faith and*
 " *moral conduct* I had not the fullest assurance.
 " If you procure such a testimonial from three *respec-*
 " *table ministers of the gospel, whether in the esta-*
 " *blishment, or dissenters*, I shall be glad to attend
 " to it.

" I am concerned to find, that you think you
 " have any cause to complain of ill-treatment; and
 " am informed, that you have given a very wrong
 " statement of facts. I wish you, however, to
 " MEET MY BROTHER ROWLAND at my house, any
 " morning about eleven o'clock, *which HE IS DESI-*
 " *ROUS OF*. Therefore, if you will call on him, or
 " write to him, signifying when you intend being
 " here, he will not fail to come, if you don't fix
 " his preaching day, which I think is Friday.

" Sincerely wishing you every blessing in your
 " OWN

" own soul, and that you may be made abundantly
" useful to the souls of others, I remain,

" Your's *faithfully*,

" RICHARD HILL."

In looking over my papers, I found the following letter to Mr. Wooley, of which I took a copy for fear of misrepresentation. As it bears no date, I am not sure when it was written, but believe it was sent in answer to one which I received from him, in a *very boasting stile*, last summer.

" REV. SIR,

THOUGH I am grieved for your insolence, and lament your pride and folly, I cannot help giving you one piece of advice, which is, before you boast of your abilities, and talk of your Greek and Latin, learn to write grammar, and to speak your mother tongue.

I am yours, &c.

R. H."

P. S. The salary paid you from the Marshalsea was increased to what it now is, and settled on you entirely by my repeated applications to the Treasury on your behalf; I am now sorry to say I did wrong in this matter.

Now follows my last short note, which at once put an end to Mr. Wooley's hopes of a chaplaincy to a regiment, or a man of war.

" March

" March 8th, 1793.

" Sir Richard Hill begs to decline making any
" application for Mr. Woolley."

Notwithstanding the torrent of rage poured out upon me for this *laconic* note, Mr. Wooley would have condescended to have forgiven and forgotten all, by making me a conciliatory, loving visit at Hawkstone in the summer; but as I was not sufficiently ambitious of that honor, I returned his letter, as has been already related; and here ended our correspondence, but not so the resentment of the Reverend Divine.

I only add one more letter (which is printed in Mr. Wooley's pamphlet) from the Bishop of Winchester to Mr. Rose, from which it is most evident, that it was intirely owing to my application that Mr. Pitt interfered in the business at all, and promised an increase of salary to the Marshalsea chaplain, which promise is clearly alluded to in the Bishop's letter; written a considerable time before Mr. Wooley presented any memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, and by means of which, Mr. Wooley was ordained priest and obtained his stipend. Though the previous step to this, viz. his appointment to the charge, undoubtedly was not procured by me from the Knight Marshal, notwithstanding I tried every effort for that purpose.

How Wooley's supporter has perverted this letter, to shew that I never was of any service to him
in

in the Marshalsea business, nay, that *my interest only increased the obstacles both with the Bishop and Knight Marshal against him*, will be evident enough to whoever reads it.

“ Farnham, May 18th, 1788.

“ Sir,

“ I am much pleased to hear that Mr. Pitt
 “ proposes to augment the Chaplainship of the
 “ Marshalsea prison. The object is a very proper
 “ one.—But I am obliged to say, that, on two
 “ accounts, I am unable to ordain Mr. Woolley
 “ to this office, as a title for orders. A candidate
 “ for orders must bring with him a title, in which
 “ the clergyman who nominates, engages to con-
 “ tinue him in his curacy until otherwise provided
 “ for; or until, on account of misbehaviour, he
 “ is removed by lawful authority of the Bishop.
 “ Now I know not whether this sort of security
 “ in favour of the Chaplain, on the one hand, or
 “ in favour of Episcopal authority, on the other,
 “ belongs to this Marshalsea appointment, which
 “ is an office unknown to me as Bishop of the
 “ Diocese, and hath never been considered as a
 “ proper title for orders.

“ But another material objection occurs: it
 “ does not appear who is entitled to nominate.
 “ Mr. Evans, the keeper, hath signed an instru-
 “ ment; but he is himself a subordinate officer,
 “ and the appointment cannot be in him. Sir

“ Sydney

" Sydney Meadows informs me, that he hath the
 " appointment, as Knight Marshal.

" Under these circumstances it would be irre-
 " gular and improper, on my part, to ordain Mr.
 " Woolley to this office as a title. As Mr. Pitt
 " hath honoured me with the communication,
 " you will do me the favour to thank him for
 " me; and let him know, that I am sorry these
 " difficulties are in the way.—I am, with great
 " truth,

" Sir,

" Your very faithful, humble Servant,

" B. Winchester."

" To George Rose, Esq."

FINIS,